

THE AMADOR LEDGER

Established November 1, 1855.

JACKSON, AMADOR COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, FRIDAY, JULY 8, 1904.

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A WOMAN'S REASON

[Original.]
There was enough of incident concentrated in the wedding day of Dr. Dmitri Urbanieff and Katharine Tonskol, two young Russians of the middle class, for a whole lifetime. Urbanieff had returned from his medical studies in Paris with a light heart, for Katharine was expecting him, and they were to be married soon after his arrival.

He found domesticated in the home of Katharine's father Count Alexievich, who had some months previous appeared in the village near by and who had brought a letter of introduction to Tonskol. For what he came and how long he proposed to stay he gave no information. Dmitri, when he found the young man so intimate with the family of his sweetheart, was troubled, but he soon made the discovery that Katharine did not like the count, and this reassured him. Why she did not fancy her father's guest was a puzzle, for the doctor could see plainly that the count seemed to desire her favor. When Dmitri asked Katharine for a reason for her prejudice she gave him no better one than that Alexievich was "cross eyed." Dmitri laughed at this feminine reason and thought no more about the matter.

The morning of the wedding day brought a shock to the community. A dozen persons in the vicinity were arrested, and the most harrowing feature was that the young doctor, who was to have been married in the evening, was among them. The prisoners instead of being given a trial were hurried off to Siberia. Count Alexievich appeared to be as surprised and indignant as any one and volunteered to start at once for St. Petersburg, where he claimed to have influence, to procure the doctor's release. Dmitri was earnest in his gratitude and begged the count to strain every nerve to free him before it should be too late. Katharine could only cling to her lover, despairing of ever seeing him again.

After her lover's departure she passed a few hours in an agony of despair. Then suddenly a desperate resolve took possession of her. She distrusted the count's promise. Shortly previous to the wedding day he had left her father's house and taken rooms in the village. Katharine ordered a drosky and drove to his rooms. Instead of sending for him to come down she ran upstairs and knocked at his door. She found him walking the floor.

"Why are you not on the way to St. Petersburg?" she asked.
"I was late for the 10 o'clock train. There is no other till tomorrow." "There is a train on the other road at 4 this afternoon. You have only to drive five miles to it to catch it."
"Eh? Are you sure? I don't believe there is time."
"There is time. Come. I have a drosky below. I will drive you myself."

The count began to busy himself with preparation, making a great deal of fuss while doing very little. Katharine saw his revolver lying on a table. "You will need this," she said, taking it up and thrusting it in a pocket of her dress. "Come, we have no time to spare."

Alexievich, crumpling some brushes into a bag, accompanied her downstairs. They got into the drosky. Katharine seized the reins and drove away as fast as the horse would carry them. As they were passing through a wood Katharine complained that her fingers were numb and asked the count to take the reins. He had no sooner done so than he felt something hard pressed against his neck and heard the click of a pistol.

"Fiend," said Katharine, "I know all. You are one of the chiefs of police and have been ferreting out this plot. You have implicated Dmitri to get him out of the way the better to get me into your clutches. I hate you, and I am going to kill you."
"Katharine! For heaven's sake, of what are you accusing me?"
"Write an order for the release of Dmitri of a fire."
"But I have no authority."
"Write."

The count, who had by this time caught a glance of the girl's desperate face, took out his notebook, tore out a leaf, wrote the order and gave it to her.

"Drop the reins and get out of the drosky," she said. He obeyed, and Katharine, whipping up the horse, was soon out of sight.
She knew that the route the prisoners had taken was the one she was on, their conductor intending to take them on the train she had proposed to the count to take. She soon overtook the party, produced the order, which was respected, her lover got into the drosky and they drove homeward. When approaching the village they saw the count ahead of them. He was walking with his head bent down on his breast. When they came up to him he looked up as though in a dream. Dmitri got out of the drosky and demanded satisfaction for the wrong that had been done him. The count looked at Katharine with a hopeless expression, asked her to give Dmitri the revolver and bared his breast. Dmitri turned away, got into the drosky and, without a word from him or Katharine to the count, drove on.

At the hour that had been announced for the wedding the bride and groom were ready, and, as the news of Dmitri's release had spread like wildfire, the guests were assembled. The ceremony passed as quietly as had been expected.

When the bride and groom were alone together Dmitri asked:
"Katharine, how did you know the man was the cause of my arrest?"
"I didn't like the squint in his eyes," was her confident reply.

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"Money," said Uncle Eben, "is what makes de mare go, but sometimes it wants a sensible driver to prevent somebody 'f'm gittin' throwed habd."—Baltimore American.

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IN SPITE OF PREJUDICE

By KEITH GORDON

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"No," said Constance in a tone of unshakable conviction as she lay, her chin propped upon her hands, amid the subdued richness of the oriental pillows. "No; I might love a convict or I might love a Hottentot, but a widower, never!"

Her cousin, Mary Singleton, a practical young woman more given to facts than sentiment, eyed her curiously, but did not speak.

"Just fancy," Constance continued, with scornful derision, "being a man's second choice, listening to a rehash of his first love-making! Gracious!"

Her tone implied that the thing was well nigh unimaginable, but her cousin only laughed a bit skeptically and took the other side of the question.

"Do you mean to say that because a person has loved once he—or she, for that matter—cannot love again without feeling that it is a rehash of the old love?" she asked, with a yawn. "My dear girl, you're all wrong! The second love is simply a different matter."

"The average human being," she continued shrewdly, "is capable of a good many loves. I don't at all believe in these one love individuals—the sort who mourn forever, you know. That sort of thing is simply emotional poverty."

Having delivered herself of this worldly observation, she glanced at the clock and began to coil up her loosened hair in a way that signified that it was time that she went to her room to dress for dinner.

"Soulless creature!" taunted Constance, with an indulgent but gently superior air. "Defend widowers if you choose, but none of them for me!"

"You girls with fine sentiments," Mary retorted teasingly, her hand on the doorknob, "are just the ones to look out for." And she passed out, smiling, into the hall. A moment later she opened the door again and, thrusting her head into the room, said in an enigmatical manner:

"By the way, Con, be sure to tell Douglas Stane that when he asks you." Then, before her cousin could reply, she vanished, slamming the door behind her.

Constance stood in the middle of the room for a moment perfectly motionless, wondering if she could have heard aright. Douglas Stane a widower? For of course that was what Mary meant, Douglas Stane a widower! And in the four months in which they had been growing daily fonder of each other she had never heard the fact mentioned.

With a quick movement she glided toward the door and locked it. Then, with her hands clasped with painful tightness, she stood in the middle of the room and repeated with growing interest: "A widower! Douglas Stane a widower!"

"It can't be true—it can't be—it can't be!" she protested, with a moan. His likeness rose before her—tall, broad and a bit stern of face. Then, going hot and cold by turns, she sank down upon the divan once more and buried her head in the pillows.

"Her lover!" That was what her heart cried out, and, though she would not permit herself to say it, there was a wild, sweet bliss in the thought. Subtly she had known it almost from the first. But a widower!

She shivered now at the very remembrance of things that had once thrilled her—the unconscious softening of his keen eyes when they met hers, the elusive but unmistakable tenderness of his touch when he helped her over a rough place or held her wrap. Time was when the caress of his glance made her blood tingle. Now she remembered it with a sort of loathing. Had his eyes not softened for some other woman?

Thus she wrestled with love and pain until the striking of the clock reminded her that the dinner hour was at hand. Jumping up, she began to dash cold water over her flushed face and wet eyes, while she tried to steady her surging emotions.

"Everything went wrong," she apologized when she appeared at the dinner table rather flurried and breathless. "Couldn't get my hair up right, hooks wouldn't hook, and buttons wouldn't button."

Her cousin smiled.
"Methinks the lady doth protest too much," she thought to herself.
"Dick just telephoned," she announced, feeling rather small and guilty as she noted Constance's flushed face and feverish eyes. "He and Douglas Stane are coming up after dinner to take us down to the Spouting Rock."

Constance opened her lips with the evident intention of declining, but before she could speak her cousin continued glibly:

"I just accepted for both of us because I knew you would like to go." Then she continued under her breath: "Poor old Douglas! Wouldn't I like to hear what she says to him! How shall I ever make my peace with them. I wonder!"

When, the dinner over, they sat on the broad piazza in the twilight she half regretted her prank and decided to speak, but before her good intention crystallized into words Constance spoke to her, and at the studied indifference of the latter's voice and the marked enmity of her manner all her love of mischief returned.

"I never before heard you mention that Mr. Stane is a widower," she said.

patting her lips with one of her fingers to discourage a yawn.

"Didn't you?" queried Mary innocently. "Perhaps I never did mention it." Then at the sound of footsteps on the gravel she added rather hurriedly, "Don't lay it up against the poor fellow, though."

Two dark figures were approaching from the foot of the lawn. If Constance jumped at the conclusion that Douglas Stane was a widower just because she had said, "Tell that to Douglas Stane when he asks you," it was her own fault.

Meanwhile that young lady's greeting to Mr. Stane was a trifle stiff, but no one but her tormenting cousin noticed it. The gentleman himself seemed utterly unconscious. He had determined to learn his fate, and in the grip of that mighty resolve all minor things escaped his notice.

Miss Singleton seemed bent upon aiding him, for she and her fiancé were lost to sight around a bend of the road. Stane "Hoo-hooed!" after the manner of the cottagers in the neighborhood, but no answer came back.

"Heated already," he laughed, his voice a little shaken by the great question that trembled on his lips.

"Let's hurry and catch up with them," suggested his companion. "How extremely unflattering!" came his answer. "I was just longing to have you all to myself."

He tried to speak lightly, but eagerness vibrated in his voice. They had emerged from the grove and stood at the edge of the rocks.

"My dear, dear love!" He took both of the small hands in his own and stood looking down at her, struggling to speak calmly.

"You know, you must know," he went on eagerly, "that you are the only woman on earth to me. How I've lived all these years without you I do not know. I can't face life without you any longer. I never knew what it was to live until I met you."

A quick change came over Constance's face; even in the dim light he saw it and wondered, and she wrenched her hands away.

"For shame!" she said hotly. "For shame! Do you think any woman will love you better for ignoring her—that other—the one who in other years was 'all the world' to you?"

She stopped, unable to go further, because the tears were choking her. A look of blank amazement overspread Stane's face, and he stared at her with eyes that were a concentrated interrogation.

"Oh, it seems to me," she went on passionately, "that if I were a man and had once loved a woman well enough to marry her, and she had died, I'd be a little bit true to her memory! If I wanted care, companionship, whatever it is that men marry for, I'd say so, instead of pretending that I had never really loved before!"

Had she been less wrought up by her feelings, she might have noticed that during this tirade several expressions fluttered like shadows across her lover's face. Astonishment gave way to understanding, and that in turn to a grim determination.

"I see," he said slowly, but in a voice whose ring made her look up at him with the conviction that he was no longer a suppliant for her favor. "You reject my love because?"

"Because you have been married before," she finished stubbornly.

"Jealous of a dead woman," he mused, looking at her through eyes narrowed to a mere slit. "Ah, me!" Then, as if the episode were closed, he asked quietly, "Shall we return to the house?"

She felt suddenly terrified, here. She had expected something very different—expulsion—self justification—a bit of struggle was going on within her. But above the din of conflicting feelings she heard one clear cry, "I love him! I love him!" and she held out her hands as beseechingly as a child.

"You poor, silly little girl!" he whispered in a voice of great content as he swept her up in his arms. "Who ever told you that absurd tale? But I've proved to you that you would have loved me even if I had been!"

Once there was a man who complained that unwelcome things were too frequently elected to office.

"Do you attend the primaries?" asked his hearers.

"I do not," he said.

"Then you have no right to kick," they told him. "It is the duty of every good citizen to attend the primaries and see that the best men are chosen as candidates."

Whereupon he began attending the primaries.

He worked faithfully for the nomination of sober, honest and reputable candidates.

But it did no good.

The other fellows turned out in greater numbers and outvoted him, and bad men were nominated and elected to office as before.

He felt that he had a right to kick this time, and he complained again.

"Do you attend the primaries?" his hearers asked him.

"I do not," he said.

"Then you ought to keep your mouth shut," they said. "You are a part of the crowd that nominates these bad men, and you are responsible for them."

Moral—Do you get off here or wait till the car stops?—Chicago Tribune.

Where the Ingenuity Comes In.
"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I have found out something about horse racing."

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Ladies' \$2.00 Skirts \$1.25 Tan lawn. Elegantly trimmed. Good fit. Many others.	Ladies' Shirt Waists 35c A lot of waists previously sold at from 50c to \$1. Lots of others.	Ladies' \$1.00 Wrappers 65c All fast colors. Good percales. Ruffles at the bottom.
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Love Philites.

A favorite plant with the old herb-alist was satyrion, a name applied to several species of orchids. As far back as the days of the Roman empire it was commonly supposed that the roots of the satyrion supplied the satyrs with food and prompted them to commit those excesses for which they became proverbial. Kircher relates the case of a youth who, whenever he visited a certain corner of his garden, became so love-sick that he mentioned this strange circumstance to a friend. On examining the spot it was found to be overgrown with a species of satyrion, the odor of which alone had the effect of inspiring love.—Chambers' Journal.

The Orchid.
The orchid is a peculiar plant, for, strange as it may seem, there is no distinctively orchid odor. One smells like the violet, others like the rose, the hyacinth, the daffodil. Orchids are the monkeys, the mimics of the vegetable world, in odor as well as form and tint. No other flower resembles an orchid, but orchids are forever aping butterflies, pansies, boots, spiders, pitch plants, birds and what not. And they are not absolutely certain to look just the same twice in succession.

Photography.
Photography was discovered in this way: Daguerre was lying on a couch in his attic abode and saw a sunbeam fall upon a spot in the darkened room. He was startled to see the objects on the street vividly portrayed in all their colors—in fact, a panorama of the incidents outside. He studied the subject, and his search in the mystery was the beginning of all that is beautiful in photography today.

Plenty of Rest Is Necessary.
The best work, however hard, is always methodical enough to permit of timely rest and regular nutrition, and the full recognition of this fact is a mere question of public utility which we hope to see more and more widely admitted into practice.—London Lancet.

Midnight Oil.
Mrs. Simple Newlywed—I want you to send around a gallon of midnight oil. Grocer—Midnight oil? Never heard of it. Mrs. Simple Newlywed—Why, I'm sure that's the kind my husband's mother said he always burned.—Brooklyn Life.

Hard Water.
Aunt Jane—Is the water where you live very hard or soft? Niece—I guess it's pretty hard. The girl snattered some on the lamp chimney the other night, and it broke all to pieces.

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The Aristocracy of Birth.

Why did the aristocracy of parentage fail to hold its own? Why did it die out in America and, practically speaking, in all the British colonies? It had every advantage at the outset; it held the inside track. It failed because two great laws of the universe were against it—first, the laws of arithmetic, and, secondly, the laws of physiology. It violated the principles of arithmetic because it required that each individual or household should have a distinct line of ancestors, and it would thus be discovered in a few generations that there were not nearly enough ancestors to go round, leaving people in the position of Mark Twain, who declared that he had "no parents to speak of, only a father or mother or so." It was contrary to the laws of physiology, as shown by the deterioration of one royal family after another in Europe, these having come to resemble those English race horses which have so much blood that there is very little horse, and it must be replenished from a more plebeian stock.—Thomas Wentworth Higginson in Atlantic.

What the Japs Call Japan.
A certain Japanese who has been for some years a resident of Philadelphia and who has many friends here was speaking the other night of his own people.

"Of course," he said, "we do not call our country Japan. Our name for it is 'Nippon,' or 'Sun's Origin,' indicating its position in the extreme east. But when we speak of the entire empire we call it 'Dai-Nippon,' which means 'Great Nippon.'"

The Jap's eyes twinkled.
"It is not," he meditatively concluded, "uninteresting to reflect that off the eastern and western boundaries of the greatest mass of land in the world there should exist an insignificant group of islands inhabited in each case by a people of very mixed origin and very mixed characters, each of whom expresses its defiance of its geographical insignificance by the same means—'Dai Nippon' and 'Great Britain.'—Philadelphia Press.

A Scotch Answer.
A good story of an old crofter who appeared before the commission to apply for a reduction of rent was recently told at a meeting in Glasgow. The number of cattle on the farm led Sheriff Brand to observe that surely the croft could not be in such a bad way as its owner would seek to show. "Och," replied the old fellow, "you should see the bit beasts." "What like are they?" queried the sheriff. "They're as lean, sir, as Pharaoh's kine." "How lean was that?" asked the sheriff, doubtless thinking that he had cornered the applicant. But had he? Not a bit. Like a flash came back the answer, "So lean, sir, that they could only be eaten in a vision."

Shocked the Court.
A writer in "Law Notes," speaking of the late John MacMahon, says: "MacMahon's style was painfully heavy, his utterance a little thick, and he was entirely devoid of humor. His hearing at times was not of the best, and for that reason he thought it was the best policy to agree with any remark that might be made by the judge before whom he was appearing, even though he did not happen to hear what had been said. On one occasion he was appearing before a master of the rolls, who thought that MacMahon was arguing rather elementary law for such a court as his. 'You are speaking as if I were a mere tyro in the law, Mr. MacMahon,' said the master of the rolls testily. 'Quite so, my lord,' said counsel airily, proceeding with his argument, oblivious to and regardless of what the judge had said."

Facts About Brass.
She—Is brass manufactured or is it a product of nature? He—Both. She—I don't understand. He—Some of it is made and some of it is born.

A man's success does not depend so much upon his environment as upon the man himself.—Maxwell's Talmud.



HOW TO WIN A HUSBAND.

Woman's sphere in this 20th century is not limited any more than man's. She can occupy almost any business position or profession, and yet the popular view of womanhood is that she best fits the position of wife and mother and head of the household. Every girl should know her heart and also know that her womanly system is equal to the strain of marriage. If a girl is nervous and irritable ten chances to one it is due to some trouble peculiar to womanhood.
Cupid, no place in a girl's heart if she is nervous and irritable, feels dragged down, worn out for no reason that she can think of. The weak back, dizzy spells and black circles about the eyes are only symptoms. Go to the source of the trouble and correct the irregularity. Stop the drains on the womanly system and the other symptoms will disappear. This can be done easily and intelligently. So sure of it is the World's Dispensary Medical Association, the proprietors of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, that they offer \$500 reward for women who cannot be cured of leucorrhoea, female weakness, prostrations, or falling of the womb. All they ask is a fair and reasonable trial of their means of cure.
"Your Favorite Prescription" cured me of puerperal and inflammatory, from which I suffered for many years," writes Mrs. Delphia Wheaton, President Santa Barbara Lawn Tennis Club, Arlington Hotel, Santa Barbara, Calif. "Health was completely broken down when I began its use and I was in dread of pain most of the time, but tea bottles cured me."
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THE AMADOR LEDGER

Published Fridays by
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R. WEBB Editor and Manager

FRIDAY, JULY 8, 1904

FISH AND GAME LAWS.

It is not our intention in this article to recite the Fish and Game laws, neither do we intend to say that there should be no laws for the partial protection of fish and game. But we are going to say, and say it honestly, that many of the present fish and game laws of this state and county should never have been enacted. Their provisions are unreasonable and should never have been adopted by a legislative body in a country where the fundamental law of the land declares for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. The dove law is a farce. It was gotten up wholly in the interest of the few against the many. That was demonstrated in Jackson and every other town in the county on the first day of July. One out of every 25 men in Jackson was out before sunrise and many of them were the men who have been so anxious to see that innocent boy or man punished who was ignorant of the exacting provisions of the law, and went forth perhaps to procure game with which to feed a hungry family or provide an appetizing broth for an invalid sister or mother.

It was just as cruel, just as inhuman to kill a dove on the first of July as on the first of June, for the nests are full of young ones even at the present time, and if the mother bird is destroyed on July 1st the helpless young ones will perish just as quickly as though the parent bird had been killed on June 1st. At no other time during the summer season have the hunters of the large cities a better opportunity to hunt than the first of July. All work is generally suspended on the 4th and there was no more opportune time for the open season to begin than on the first of July when the professional hunter can kill or cripple them all within a few days. The fish law is even worse. Fish are a luxury, especially mountain trout, but unless you can spare the time and money to go and catch them yourself you must do without. It is not safe to even beg a dozen from your friend who has them to throw away. Your pockets may be full of money, your children may be crying for trout and your eyes may be crying upon a hundred dozen or more that may be thrown to the dogs; but if you ask to buy a dozen, and succeed in getting them, you as well as the seller have committed a crime that may send you to the state's prison for the remainder of your natural life. No person can buy or sell a trout that weighs less than a half pound, and not one in 1000 that are found in our mountain streams are above that weight.

The game laws are for a certain class. Not the rich against the poor but the professional hunters against all others. Those who are sworn to enforce the laws must do so, but those who have the power to create laws should scrutinize them closely before putting their stamp of approval upon them.

THIS WILL INTEREST YOU.

The Ledger has made rates with several publications whereby subscribers may get the benefit of good papers and magazines at a very cheap rate. The price of the Ledger is \$2.50 a year, but our arrangements are such that we are able to present clubbing rates as below. And no lover of good reading should fail to take advantage of our offer. These rates are payable in advance, and we invite old subscribers as well as new ones to interest themselves on this subject. We have not forgotten the ladies, as you can see by referring to the list our offer on the Cosmopolitan Magazine, also McCall's Magazine, which you receive without any additional cost whatever, and you have the selection of any pattern you wish, which will be sent to your address free of charge. Take advantage of our offer, and keep posted on the news of the day:

Ledger and Daily Call, one year, \$ 9.00
Ledger and Weekly Call one year 3.20
Ledger and Daily Chronicle, one year, 9.00
Ledger and Weekly Chronicle, one year, 3.60
Ledger and New York Tribune Farmer 2.50
Ledger and New York Tri-Weekly Tribune 3.00
Ledger and Weekly Chicago Inter-Ocean 2.50
Ledger and Cosmopolitan Magazine, one year, 2.75
Ledger and McCall's Magazine, 1 year, including free pattern, 2.50
The above rates are strictly in advance.

California at St. Louis.

From all accounts if one wants to know something of California and her wonderful resources he had best go to St. Louis and observe the grand exhibit. It is said that the Governor of the state knew nothing of his state until he went east and assisted in dedicating the various departments of our wonderful display. Some of our counties have even surpassed our sister states. Our wines, grains, fruits, etc., are attracting the attention of visitors from every quarter. Designs of all kinds made of the products of our soil are in evidence everywhere. Prune hedges, orange houses, wine and olive oil monuments, raisins in every conceivable figure, marble slabs, hewn logs and logs in their natural state all go to add to the varied resources of our golden state. California never does anything by halves. She knows how to do, she has the resources to do with, and we will not be surprised to hear in the end that she has not only fairly outstripped every other state and received the first prize, but also a far greater prize by adding to her population some of the most substantial farming elements of the world.

There is more catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

Address, F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

If you want to get a good harness or saddle dirt cheap call at Piccardo's.

Good shoes at half price at the Jackson Shoe Store.

Will Display California's Wealth.

The display of California's vast and almost inexhaustible resources will form one of the most attractive features of the Triennial Conclave. Coming from every part and section of the State, the immense variety and wealth of the product will astonish the visitors from abroad and be a revelation to many Californians who have but scant knowledge of the resources of the State outside their own section. Each county and section will install the exhibit of its resources at the headquarters of the Commandery stationed within its boundaries, either some large hall or in the parlors and reception rooms of the hotel where the Commandery makes its headquarters. In some cases two or more Commanderies stationed at distant places will share headquarters and exhibit and entertain jointly; while in several instances Commanderies stationed at distant places will share headquarters and exhibit and entertain jointly. While the display of California's fruit, flowers, grain and other produce of field and farm, orchard and vineyard, must prove very interesting, for California leads the world in that respect, the mineral exhibit from the mother lode and other mining regions will be not less attractive, especially to those who have never seen the precious metal wrested from the bowels of the earth.

The Conclave is to be made the occasion for a general reunion of Sir Knights who dwell far from their former home, where they have been originally knighted, and many interesting meetings, after years of separation will take place.

There are thirty-nine flourishing Commanderies in the Grand Jurisdiction of California, with an aggregate of 5,000 members, and nearly every one of them will attend the Conclave and bring his family with him. Thousands of others, outside the Order, will take advantage of the low rates and go to San Francisco, because they will be able to see more in the metropolis of the Pacific during the Conclave week than they could possibly see during a year at any other time. Californians realize that it is safer to show the wonderful things which grow in California, when telling strangers about them, and as long as the strangers can not visit every part and section of the State, will bring the proofs of California's wealth right to San Francisco that all may feast their eyes upon them and go back to their respective home to tell what they have seen, and show the souvenirs they will carry home with them.

Start an Herb Garden

Fortunes in GINSENG, GOLDEN SEAL and SENECIO, all valuable medicinal herbs, can be made by growing them. Always a ready market and demand increasing. Room in your garden to grow thousands of dollars' worth of these herbs. Write today. OZARK GINSENG CO., Dep't W, Joplin, Mo.

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Good shoes at half price at the Jackson Shoe Store.

CAMPELLI & OBERT

DEALERS IN—

GROCERIES,

DRY GOODS,

BOOTS & SHOES,

GENTS' FURNISHINGS

Old friends are always welcome. New ones likewise.

A Bar in connection, the appointments of which are unsurpassed in Calaveras county. Give us a call and we will treat you right.

PALOMA - - - CAL.

BLACK LEG

In Cattle can be prevented.

CUTLER'S BLACK LEG VACCINE, the most successful, easiest used and lowest priced reliable vaccine made.

Powder, strainer and pillow form. Write for free Black Leg booklet.

THE CUTLER LABORATORY

San Francisco

From druggists does not stock.

Recuses, order direct from us.

Dr. Mason's Poison Oak Cure

For Sale by all Druggists.

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BOARD OF SUPERVISORS

The board of supervisors met Tuesday, July 6.

All members present.

Claims were allowed as follows:

CURRENT EXPENSE FUND.

W H Greenhalgh, Bd of Ed., \$47 10

Rec Pub, & Print Co, law books, 22 75

J E Kelley, constable fees, 5 00

G A Gordon, traveling expenses, 40 00

A Carlisle & Co, record books, 58 68

W Scoble, constable fees, 50 00

H Goldrich, justice fees, 21 00

E E Endicott, exp, insane, 5 00

E Ginochio & Bro, chairs for assessor's office, 27 50

G A Gordon, traveling expenses, 20 00

Dr A M Gall, health officer, 50 00

Jas McCann, justice fees, 9 00

J Wanamaker, law books, 30 00

L G Meachon, type writing, 7 50

G A Gritton, blue jay bounty, 3 66

G A Gritton, coyote county, 12 00

G A Gritton, postage stamps, 17 00

T K Norman, rebate of poll tax, 5 10

T K Norman, traveling expenses, 2 25

M Joy, watchman, 10 00

T K Norman, board of prisoners, 54 00

E G Freeman Co, stationery, 8 80

O'Neill & Podesta, livery, 30 00

A L Brown, constable fees, 30 00

G F Mack, deputy assessor, 125 00

G F Mack, Board of Education, 27 40

Jas Gordon, L Co, lights, 10 35

Wm Going, janitor, 60 00

H Goldrich, justice fees, 21 00

B C O'Neil, water, 6 00

H W Wood, printing, 15 50

R Webb, printing, 5 20

W W Wood, printing, 39 00

W L Victor, traveling expenses, 11 00

W L Victor, traveling expenses, 11 00

L J Fontenrose, ins Court House, 351 00

R Webb, printing del tax list, 340 00

S Tel. & Tel. Co, telephone, 23 45

R C Rust, printing, 70 95

H W Wood, printing, 15 50

A Caminetti, rebate, 6 00

R I Kerr, drugs, 15 25

D B Spagnoli, ins, on hospital, 224 00

Jas Lesley, guarding small pox, 28 00

F W Clute, hd small pox, 21 00

Ah Paw, nurse, 6 50

L Cassinelli & Bro, supplies, 28 00

E Boydston, guard, small pox, 15 50

J F Clute, supplies, 11 05

Boydston, house, 24 00

L Burke, mileage, 2 40

W M Amick, 2 40

A Grillo, 2 40

E B Moore, 80

Allice E Gartin, Bd of Education, 51 55

Van Alst, Bd of Education, 27 40

Geo F Mack, Bd of Education, 27 40

F W Clute, supplies small pox, 2 85

HOSPITAL FUND.

E. Ginochio & Bro, allowance, 18 00

" " " paint, 3 25

" " " clothing, 36 76

" " " groceries, 182 68

Thomas & Eudey, 97 12

Sunset Tel & Tel Co, phones, 30 00

Dr A M Gall, physician, 60 00

Jackson Gaslight Co, gas, 4 00

W J Nettle jr, fish and veg, 12 75

Mrs J Lucot, cook, 25 00

A C Barrett, supt, 30 00

Mrs A C Barrett, matron, 9 00

Mrs Jas Turner, washing, 4 00

E P Ruan, conveyance, 7 00

Mrs C Richtmyer, water, 11 00

W Scoble, conveyance, 11 00

D Fenell, labor, 4 00

F B LeMoine, conveyance, 4 00

Mrs C Langhorst, supplies, 28 40

ROAD FUND—TOWNSHIP 1.

Martell & Dufrene, blacksmith's, 5 50

M Barsi, supplies, 2 50

H S Tallon, labor, 311 00

TOWNSHIP 2.

C. Scully, labor, 360 40

TOWNSHIP 3.

J A Wrigglesworth, labor, 20 00

L Beares, 40 00

R Preiss, 40 00

D Burke, 40 00

H Hoffman, 12 00

S K Davis, 8 00

Alex Orr, 12 00

Sam Sharp, 8 00

B F Antuan, 2 00

TOWNSHIP 4.

H Cook, labor, 14 00

D Fenell, 8 00

H Cook, sprinkling, 140 00

Peter Garibaldi, labor, 32 00

TOWNSHIP FIVE.

H B Cummings, labor, 2 00

R Preiss, 40 00

D Burke, 40 00

H Hoffman, 12 00

S K Davis, 8 00

Alex Orr, 12 00

Sam Sharp, 8 00

B F Antuan, 2 00

BRIDGE FUND.

J Merrow, labor, etc, 25 00

SALARY FUND.

M Newman, road com'r, 25 00

W M Amick, 25 00

A Grillo, 25 00

E B Moore, 25 00

L Burke, 25 00

Double assessment of John Yellich and Geo. Hodges ordered cancelled.

Acceptance of ordinance by Ione and Eastern R. R. Co. read and ordered filed.

Criminal returns of H. Golden, Jas. McCauley and W. L. Rose read and approved.

Reports of County Physician and County Health Officer approved.

County School Superintendent's report of school census statistics approved.

Application of Eliza Schoendorf for aid in support of two half-orphan read. \$8.33 per month or \$100 per year allowed.

Similar application from Mrs. Martha Eggleston for support of three half-orphan read. \$12.50 per month or \$150 per year allowed.

Application of Gertrude Hocking for support of two half-orphan read and laid over for one month.

On motion duly made and carried Peter Luke was allowed \$6 per month in trade at Ginochio's store.

Petition of Wm. Tison asking for assistance for Wm. Gibson and family was read. On motion duly made and carried it was ordered that the auditor draw warrant on treasurer for \$40 in favor of Mr. Gibson with which to pay fare of family to Sacramento, Cal.

WARRANTS CANCELLED.

Warrants were cancelled on the various funds as follows:

School fund, \$3646.88

Present Expense Fund, 1142.97

LOCAL NEWS OF THE WEEK

Butterick Patterns at Redlick's.
Old harness made as good as new at Piccardo's.

PIONEER Flour always has been and still is the best.

Services at the Episcopal church Sunday at 7:45 o'clock.

Mat Joy went to Stockton Thursday to take in the street fair.

Lemons, oranges, and bananas constantly on hand at Nettles' Mkt.

The usual number of 4th of July accidents and fatalities are recorded.

Easy riding saddles, collars that fit, and whips that pop at Piccardo's.

The Supervisors will meet at a board of equalization on Monday, July 18th.

Saturday, the 9th, is the date of the big sale at the Jackson Shoe Store.

Mass will be celebrated in the Catholic Church on Sunday next at 10:30 a. m.

Hearst had a following but the following had no leader. Hence their failure.

When you wish the finest flavored coffees and teas, remember that W. J. Nettles keeps only the best.

Willis Boydston, of the Volcano Telephone Company, was in town Tuesday.

July clearance sale at Redlick's.

Editor Wood of the Record was in town Wednesday. Mr. Wood is improving rapidly.

Olives, salami, swiss, limburger Martin's cream and California cheese at Nettles' Mkt.

Quite a number of miners, who were laid off at the Zella, left for San Francisco Thursday.

About \$600 was paid out by the treasurer this week for insurance on county buildings.

If you want a good harness at reasonable prices call at A. Basso's, Jackson.

Tom Watson the Southern editor has been nominated for the presidency by the populists.

Most men would rather be a U. S. Senator than Vice President. Fairbanks responds to his country's call.

J. F. Wilson, Dentist. Hours 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Phone Main 404. Jackson, Cal.

Mrs. John Lucas and two sons, Steven and Willie, of Lancha Plana, are visiting friends and relatives in Jackson.

Over 600 persons lost their lives by the sinking of the Danish steamer, Norge, off the coast of Scotland on June 30th.

Pioneer Flour is the "Lily of the Valley," the "Pearl of Perfection."

Edward Hurst of the Globe is still in the city. His condition is about the same as when he left Jackson.

Mrs. Edyth Clemens of Amador City, was paralyzed one day last week. She is now near death's door.

The entire stock of summer goods will be closed out at Redlick's during the July sale.

Fred Setzer, the ex-butcher of Amador City, is getting ready to move his family to Lodi, where he will engage in business.

Judge Rust, sheriff Norman and supervisors Newman, Moore and Burke, represented the county officials at the Plymouth celebration.

Judge John F. Davis was at his Jackson law office the first part of the week, and also visited Pine Grove and Sutter Creek on legal business.

Constable Leveroni, Burgin and two friends started for Buena Vista about 2:30 p. m. Wednesday. Before dark they had bagged 100 doves.

Fresh pickled olives of the season just received; 65c per gallon. Nettles' Market.

If you are going fishing or hunting and are afraid of Poison Oak, take a dose of Dr. Mason's Poison Oak Cure. It is a perfect preventative.

George LeMoine of Lodi, visited our sanctum last week. He has been absent from the county for several years but is still the same old George.

The Miners' Union of Amador and Mr. White, the lively man, have come to an understanding and the little unpleasantness is a thing of the past.

New line of dusters just received at Peter Piccardo's harness shop.

The Ladies' Aid Society will give an ice cream social on the evening of June 15th at the home of George A. Gordon. All are cordially invited to attend.

A. S. Hartwick, of Amador, who was arrested for selling fish, plead guilty and paid a \$20 fine. He felt confident of acquittal, but plead guilty simply to save expense.

Give us daily some good bread. Pioneer Flour makes the best.

August Hoff, who formerly lived in Plymouth, made the balloon ascension in that town on July 4th. All parties knowing Mr. Hoff, made the affair much more interesting.

The Supervisors voted Mr. Gibson \$40 with which to move his family into Sacramento county. Mr. Gibson is a worthy man and the county fathers made no mistake in voting him the assistance.

Don't fail to attend the July sale at Redlick's.

Usual services at the M. E. church Sunday morning. In the evening Dr. E. V. McCreary, presiding elder of the Sacramento district, will occupy the pulpit. The sacrament of the Lord's supper will be administered.

George Lucot, after having been absent from town for several days, heard his friends guessing what it all meant, when seen walking down the street with one of the nicest looking young ladies in the county. George was all smiles.

Young people who get married and expect the editor to give them a complimentary notice should drop us a line, telling us when, where and by whom they were married. The minister's fee is often so small that he forgets to mention the circumstance to us.

The 4th in Jackson.

No attempt to publicly celebrate the nation's birth-day was made by the citizens of Jackson. Every person who could secure any semblance of a rig, riding pony or jack, went either to Plymouth or to Mokelumne Hill. Some even walked to attend the dance. Those who remained in town spent the day socially. All places of business were closed in the afternoon excepting those that had fire works to sell and the saloons. During the day the children kept the town noisy by the burning of firecrackers, and in the evening many of the older ones lent a patriotic hand and kept the bombs exploding until quite a late hour. We noticed that the foreign population of the town spent a considerable sum in the purchase of fireworks. By doing this they taught their children a lesson on patriotism that will not soon be forgotten. Interest in an historical question must be created in some unsuspecting way. The roar of cannon, the sound of the bugle, the waving of the flag and the shouts of assembled multitudes create in the minds of the younger generation a desire to know what it all means. The history of the Revolution is taken down and the reader at once becomes filled with its importance as a successor to one of those who sacrificed so much for us and at once becomes a true patriot, and a teacher of patriotism to those who follow after him. Jackson should celebrate July 4th 1905. The young people of the town need the inspiration that it would give them. The matter should be taken up in earnest early in the spring and pressed to a successful issue.

Volcano Small-pox Case.

Quite a number of bills were presented to the Board of Supervisors Monday by parties who assisted in one way or another in taking care of, or furnishing supplies to John Harker Jr. While suffering from small-pox in Volcano. Most of the bills had been O. K'd by the county health officer, and the District Attorney passed them up to the supervisors without his signature. Some members of the board first refused to sign, not being able to understand how it was that it took two white men and a chinaman to care for the patient. County clerk Culbert finally suggested that it took the chinaman to watch the sick man and the two white men to watch the chinaman. This cleared matters a little and most of the bills were signed. There were two bills for similar articles one from Clute's and one from L. Cressinelli & Bro. but supervisor Grillo explained that one was for the Chinaman, the other for the patient and they were allowed. Mr. Frank Clute of the St. George hotel furnished the food the patient and attendant ate and his bill was also scrutinized. The sum total was between \$75 and \$100 which at first glance seemed to be exorbitant, but as the disease was kept from spreading it may be very reasonable after all.

The 4th in Plymouth.

The 4th in Plymouth was a decided success. Every person who went from Jackson speaks in praise of the satisfactory manner in which the program was carried out to the letter. The amusements pleased old and young alike, and the people of the town showed by their every endeavor that it was carried out on patriotic lines and not as a money making scheme. Although the crowd was larger than expected the church ladies and hotel proprietors had prepared for just such a surprise, and found no difficulty in feeding all. The oration by Hon. R. C. Rust was full of patriotic sentiment and evoked frequent applause from the attentive listeners. The singing was greatly appreciated and the band kept playing from early morn till late at night. The horse-race was one of the best ever seen in the county. A Plymouth horse won by a scant margin from Greenback, owned by Mr. Reeves of Amador. The fire-works, horribles and balloon ascension made the early evening an enjoyable one. The dance, from a financial standpoint, was the greatest success of all, but the hall was so crowded that it was almost impossible to dance. We regret that the scarcity of conveyances prevented many of our patriotic citizens from being present. We are unable to give the names of winners of the principal event. May Amador county have many such celebrations that her people may become better citizens thereby.

Death of L. N. Neely.

Mr. Isaac Newton Neely, who formerly conducted the Enterprise livery stable in Jackson, but of late years a resident of Milton, died at his home Friday evening surrounded by friends and relatives. The immediate cause of death was a rupture of a blood vessel on the brain. Mr. Neely was born in Pennsylvania 73 years ago, and came to California and settled in Volcano, Amador county, in 1850. During his stay in Volcano he married and from that union he leaves a son and three daughters to mourn his loss, his wife having died several years ago. Later he married Mrs. M. P. Walker, mother of Mrs. A. Caminetti, who survives him. He was interred in the Milton cemetery by the local lodge I. O. O. F., of which he was an honored member. Mr. and Mrs. Caminetti and their son Drew attended the burial services.

Money in Treasury.

By official count made July 5, the amount and kind of money in the county treasury was as follows:

Gold	\$11,115 00
Silver	25,514 88
Currency	1,180 00
Cheques	4,698 10
Bills	32 66
Total	\$45,540 64

Census Report.

In our next issue we will give the school census report for the various districts in full. There are 2,389 children of school age in the county, 2,008 have attended public school, 24 private school and 874 who have not attended school during the year. The report shows 892 under school age.

A TRIP TO THE WORLD'S FAIR

At the Fair.

Have been here a week and visied the exposition every day. I shall not attempt to give an account of the sights in this letter, but instead will confine myself to general topics. Many erroneous ideas prevail as to the conditions here which ought to be exploded. Before coming I heard much about the heat of St. Louis, and the inconvenience therefrom in June and July. Newspapers have publicly proclaimed St. Louis the hottest large city on earth in July. That may be so, as I am not prepared to say what July may bring forth. Judging from the last week of June, it may be set down as a slander. Eighty-six is the highest temperature recorded since we arrived. There is a peculiarity in the heat, owing to the humidity in the atmosphere; at the same time a cool, refreshing breeze is always present to temper the sun's rays. Visitors from cold countries might feel the heat, but certainly those from Central California will suffer little therefrom.

Another thing may be mentioned here; there is no lack of rooming accommodations. The fair has brought an enormous influx of people; but the accommodations have more than kept pace with the demand. The city could take care of twice the number of transients than are now within its limits. Naturally, rents have advanced, and rooming charges have advanced likewise. The spirit of gouging is not missing, and unless the visitor is cautious Le is apt to fall a victim. Charges of \$3 per day upwards for each person for room alone is common, and often the accommodations are of the poorest character. I have reached the conclusion that those houses sending out circulars to induce persons to secure rooms in advance, and offering reduced rates if so secured, are mostly frauds. The "cheaper rate" is held out simply to entrap the unwary. By looking around the visitor soon finds that he might have gotten better accommodations for less money elsewhere. Strangers will do well to steer clear of these tie-up concerns under whatever guise they are operated. The better plan is to secure a temporary place the first night, and employ the first hours in the city in looking around for suitable quarters. It will not take long to do this, unless the taste be of the extreme fastidious order. We are domiciled in the residence part of the city on Delmar boulevard with a private family, at \$1 per day each, which is reasonable under the circumstances.

On the fair grounds everything in the eating and drinking line is high. The grab-all spirit is there in all its glory. There are exceptions, but they are few and far between. A drink of water costs 5 cents; a meal cannot be had for less than 75 cents or 81; strawberries and cream 30 cents—fully double the cost of edibles outside the grounds. Why this extortionate schedule is tolerated is not clear. Certainly it militates against the restaurants on the fair grounds—and they are thick as leaves in autumn. Many visitors decline to be held up in this way, and pack their lunches with them. They would not do so if reasonable prices prevailed. As a rule people expect to pay an extra price for things, but they draw the line on extortion. Two young fellows from Pennsylvania came to spend a week at the fair. At the expiration of two days they packed up and left. When asked the reason, they said they would like to have stayed, but they were "soaked" and "stuck," as they expressed it, all along the line, and were thereby compelled to curtail their visit. Maybe the concessionaires have paid so much for the privilege of doing business within the fair grounds that they have to charge skyward prices. If so the policy was a mistaken one as far as applied to eating and drinking necessities. To us it seems that the management might have regulated these charges at least.

As to the exposition itself, it is grand beyond all precedent. That which impresses the visitor on taking a tour of the world's fair is its immensity. Everything is on a scale of greatness never before attempted. The buildings are of immense size, and scattered over 1240 acres. One has to do a heap of walking to get even a feeble idea of this wonderful exhibition. The next impression is the beauty of the buildings, considering they are merely temporary structures. The agricultural building—the largest on the grounds—covers 21 acres. To walk through all its aisles, one would have to travel seven miles. It is needless to say that it is impossible to get more than a hasty view of even a small portion of the exhibits from a stay of two weeks. To do the fair fully would require months. It is beyond human endurance to see it all, or even the major part of it. It is a marvelous collection of the works of nature and of man, dwarfing all previous efforts in the same line. It shows the development in all branches of human activity, from the crude products of primitive times to the amazing achievements of the present.

In conclusion, we may say we have seen most of the buildings, the Philippine and Indian villages, and the principal sights on the Pike. The most wonderful piece of machinery on the ground, to my notion, is connected with the printing trade, and consists of a type-casting and setting invention called the Monotype. It may be seen in actual operation, setting matter from copy made by a type writer designed specially for Monotype work, producing an exact duplicate in type of the characters impressed upon the type-written manuscript. It is the nearest approach to infusing brains into a mechanical device that we have yet seen.

R. W.

You Know What You Are Taking

When you take Grove's Tasteless Chilly Tonic because the formula is plainly printed on every bottle showing that it is simply Iron and Quinine in a tasteless form. No Cure, No Pay. 50c

500 pairs of ladies', men's, misses' and children's shoes at half price at the Jackson Shoe Store.

The Assessment for 1904.

The following figures show the assessed valuation of property in Amador county for the year 1903-4:

In township No. 1 there is an apparent decrease of \$80,316, while in all the other townships there is a substantial gain. In township No. 3, there is an apparent gain of \$135,610. This is accounted for mainly from the fact that heretofore all the property belonging to the Standard Electric Co. was assessed in township No. 1. The work is now so nearly completed that the assessor has been able to segregate the property and give to township No. 3 what rightfully belongs to it. The property in township No. 1 has increased in value just the same as in the other townships, but the surrendering to No. 3 its portion of the Standard Electric property makes the apparent decrease. This will add materially to the road fund of No. 3 and will enable Supervisor Grillo to do much more work during the coming year. This is the first time in the history of the county that the assessment has reached the \$5,000,000 mark. There are 296,800 acres of assessable lands in the county.

	1903	1904	loss	gain
No. 1	\$1,755,811	\$1,605,405	\$ 60,316	
No. 2	\$1,024,086	\$1,036,972		\$ 12,887
No. 3	\$ 904,046	\$ 1,041,659		\$ 137,613
No. 4	\$1,021,255	\$1,083,810		\$ 62,555
No. 5	\$ 589,455	\$ 717,082		\$ 127,627
Totals	\$4,796,653	\$5,040,016		\$243,363

SUPERIOR COURT.

HON. R. C. RUST, JUDGE.

PROBATE.

L M Martell vs. M Barsi—Complaint filed and summons issued.
Fremont Con. Co. vs. G Caplini—Writ of injunction issued.
Geo. A. Gordon vs. U S Gregory—Trial set for Wednesday, August 3, at 10 a. m.
John Muldoon vs. N. Baughman, et al—Trial set for Thursday, August 4.
E. A. Leigh vs. James McMahon, et al—Trial set for Friday, August 5, at 10 a. m.
S. Scapucino vs. W. E. Speer—Trial set for Wednesday, October 5, at 10 a. m.

PROBATE.

Estate of Naomi E. Luttrell—Order confirming sale of real estate made.
Estate of James Head—Order made setting apart homestead and exempting certain property from execution.
Estate of Hiram J. Deacon—Order appointing time for probate of will and directing publication of same.
Estate of Francesco Luporini—Petition filed for letters of administration.

A Sorry Spectacle.

Imagine such distinguished men as D. M. Delmas, W. J. McGee and M. F. Tarpey, dressed in knee pants, standing in the corridor of one of the largest hotels in St. Louis singing at the top of their voices, the following silly little conglomeration of words, thinking that by a certain emphasis of a particular word a candidate of meager ability could be fostered upon the democratic president of the United States.

THE SONG.

Boom! Boom! Boom!
First! First! First!
California, California,
Hearst! Hearst! Hearst!
At first it was considered a great joke gotten up by some wag as a take-off on the prominent men who composed the State delegation, but the next issue of the Hearst papers reproduced it in glaring type on the first page and heralded it as the battle cry that would down all others. So often was it reprinted that people began to think that "Willie" wrote it himself and many heralded it as the greatest of his recent productions. It proved no joke but a reality. A part of the California delegation actually assembled in one of the corridors of a large hotel, braced themselves firmly and let off a blast at the top of their voices. No one shouted; another, and a deathly silence prevailed; a third, and the dry bones of Willie's latest effusion lay prostrate upon the floor. In a short time Delmas was looking for a vacant lot in which to nominate Hearst. McGee was interviewing a native Hawaiian as to the probable eruption of the Island volcanoes, and Tarpey was looking for a Cuban representative to ascertain if possible whether Roosevelt was actually at the battle of San Juan and how he thought Hearst would run in the Island Republic.

Such methods of creating enthusiasm are things of the past. Such frosts should never be placed upon the shoulders of delegates. Let candidates do as W. J. Bryan did in 1896, come before the convention and by word and action show to the convention that they are worthy and capable and they will receive support. Hearst is a dead issue, acknowledged to be so by all save himself, and we will say in justice to our townsman, W. J. McGee, that we will bet he was not in hearing distance of that hotel at the time of the song fiasco.

Quite Seriously Injured.

Judge M. J. Gordon, of Spokane, received 73 wounds in attempting to jump a barbed wire fence in the dark near Volcano Sunday evening. Dr. Freeman found it necessary to stitch several of the cuts. The Judge imagined he was being pursued by a rattler and was not aware that the fence was near.

For Sale.

A millinery store, first-class stock, big trade. Would like to sell at once for a reasonable figure. Address Miss M. A. Gass, Box 35, Jackson, Amador Co., Cal.

For Rent.

Saloon at Mountain Spring House is for rent. For further particulars inquire of Mrs. Vogan on premises.

Miss Rose Green, one of the employees of the Ledger office, has been unable to be at her post during the week. H. D. Emerson has been assisting with the typographical work.

500 pairs of ladies', men's, misses' and children's shoes at half price at the Jackson Shoe Store.

FROM OUTSIDE PRECINCTS

VOLCANO ITEMS.

The 4th passed away quietly. The small boy with his fire-cracker could be heard now and then, but older persons reclined in their rockers and made the day one of rest. In the evening an impromptu dance was gotten up and greatly enjoyed by the young folks. There was quite a display of fire-works during the early part of the evening.

Louis Oettinger and T. J. Gillick were in town Sunday shaking hands with friends.

J. S. Clark, accompanied by a gentleman from Los Angeles, was here on business Sunday.

Willis Boydston and James Grillo started for Jackson early Monday morning.

Mrs. Dillon and sister, Miss Coda Cassinelli, are visiting with friends in Jackson.

Judge Gordon, one of the owners of the Treadwell mine, cut himself quite seriously on a wire fence Sunday evening. Dr. Freeman was called to dress the wounds.

Mr. W. H. Glenn, who was affected by a numbness in his left side last week, is fast improving. His children are also improving nicely.

No new cases of typhoid have developed in this section.

Mrs. Frank Clute has gone to San Francisco for the summer.

George Keffler was kicked by a tame mule last week; he limps quite badly. If it had been a wild mule it no doubt would have broken his leg.

Masino and sons are taking out some fine gravel now.

The Big Elephant will finish cleaning up this week.

The Devencozi Co. were well paid for their winter's work.

The Treadwell mill started up on the 5th.

The Madrone mill will be nine stumps instead of five and will require a little more time to get it ready to run.

Grillo Bros. have been repainting their stable and it adds greatly to the appearance of the town. They also contemplate building a new butcher shop.

Santirio, the champion hog-raiser, informs us that he already has a 600-lb. porker in evidence.

OLETA ITEMS.

Our town is some what deserted today, nearly all the folks having gone to Plymouth to swell the throng that still keeps alive the patriotism of our forefathers of 1776.

The Odd Fellows and Rebekahs had a joint installation Saturday evening. A few speeches and refreshments concluded the evening's entertainment.

Mrs. Susie Amick and Mrs. Bacon of Lodi, were in town Saturday afternoon and Sunday.

Mrs. Mattie Frasher, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. E. Farnham, for the past month, returned Friday morning to her home in Oakland.

Miss Wolfenbarger of Stockton is visiting Miss Jessie Brown.

Tuesday morning S. Bloom, son Charlie and Charlie Gilbert, started for Bear River dam for a few weeks' outing.

Mrs. Polly Martin of Jackson spent Tuesday with Mrs. Wm. Darling.

A. M. Jones of Blue Ravine, Sacramento county, was the guest of J. C. Deavers a few days this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon and little sons left Saturday morning for Berkeley where they will remain for a few weeks visiting friends and relatives; then they will go to their future home in Ottawa, Canada.

Mrs. Ora Knapp spent the Fourth at home.

Mr. Eaton of the Telegraph Hill mine was in town Monday morning.

CHUMP.

AMADOR CITY.

AMADOR CITY, July 6.
George Wigglesworth of Sacramento is visiting friends in this city.

L. Burk of Plymouth was in town Tuesday.

Mrs. T. Chichizola and children left for Santa Cruz Wednesday.

Mrs. Meiss came over from Jackson to spend the fourth with her mother.

Everett Martin has a position at the Kennedy.

Mr. Gallagher, who has been in Alaska several months, returned home Sunday.

Miss Blanch Prothero is the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. Perryman.

The majority of our young folks attended the celebration at Plymouth the 4th.

Miss Irene Mooney, accompanied by her cousin, Miss Elsie Curran, returned to the city Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis were in town Tuesday.

Miss Leone came up from Stockton last week to nurse her brother, Frank, who is quite ill of Typhoid fever.

E. LOIS.

MARTELL'S STATION.

Mrs. Ella Newton and daughter May are visiting friends and relatives here.

Mrs. J. Harris returned from the city Sunday evening.

Ray Fullen has gone to Angels on a visit.

The farewell party given at Martell's Station Saturday evening, in honor of Mrs. Ella L. Newton, who is soon to depart for her home in New York, was in every way a success, there being about one hundred invited guests present. Ice cream and cake were served, and dancing indulged in. Shortly after 12 o'clock the guests departed, after bidding Mrs. Newton farewell and wishing her a safe journey home.

Mrs. Robinson of Grass Valley is visiting at the home of her brother, Geo. Fullen.

In two weeks Mr. and Mrs. Robinson go to Virginia City to reside in the future.

Piccardo is looking for you, better see what he wants. It may mean dollars to you.

Eagle Ready to Fly.

The golden eagle which has been kept in a cage some two months at the Irish Tavern, corner of Seventh and I streets, was to have been given flight yesterday at 3 p. m. A great crowd assembled to see the bird of freedom spread his wings and soar in the vasty blue.

But the expectant onlookers were sadly disappointed. The eagle, when released, spread his pinions, but was unable to rise more than a few feet from the ground and then fluttered helplessly to earth. Three times it essayed flight and then gaspingly gave it up and was restored to its cage. Confinement or injury at the time of its capture incapacitated the eagle, but it is believed that if given a run in the open a few days it would be able to fly.

--Sacramento Union.

Hospital Report.

For the month of June the county physician reports matters at the hospital as follows:

Admitted—none.
Discharged—Robbinette Coleman, John McKeefer, Remo Monotte and Wm. Hennessey.

Died—none.

THIS WILL INTEREST YOU.

The Ledger has made rates with several publications whereby subscribers may get the benefit of good papers and magazines at a very cheap rate. The price of the Ledger is \$2.50 a year, but our arrangements are such that we are able to present clubbing rates as below, and no lover of good reading should fail to take advantage of our offer. These rates are payable in advance, and we invite old subscribers as well as new ones to interest themselves on this subject. We have not forgotten the ladies, as you can see by referring to the list our offer on the Cosmopolitan Magazine, also McCall's Magazine, which you receive without any additional cost whatever, and you have the selection of any pattern you wish, which will be sent to your address free of charge. Take advantage of our offer, and keep posted on the news of the day:

Ledger and Daily Call, one year \$ 9 00
Ledger and Weekly Call one year 3 20
Ledger and Daily Chronicle, one year 9 00
Ledger and Weekly Chronicle, one year 3 60
Ledger and New York Tribune Farmer 2 50
Ledger and New York Tri-Weekly Tribune 3 00
Ledger and Weekly Chicago Inter-Ocean 2 50
Ledger and Cosmopolitan Magazine, one year 2 75
Ledger and McCall's Magazine, 1 year, including free pattern 2 50
The above rates are strictly in advance.

Notice for Publication

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,
SACRAMENTO, CAL.
May 13, 1904.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT IN compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of public lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, WILLIAM B. BLAKELY, of Pine Grove, county of Amador, State of California, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 1866 for the purchase of the N¹ of SE¹4, SW¹4 of SE¹4, Sec. 36, T¹ N. 36 S. of N¹ E. of S. 36, T¹ N. 36 S. in Township No. 36 N., Range No. 12 E., M. D. M. and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber and stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before Richard Webb, U. S. Commissioner at Jackson, Cal., on MONDAY, the 5th day of JULY, 1904.

He names as witnesses: Geo. H. Rinehart, of Pine Grove, Amador Co., Cal.; Otis W. Rinehart, of Pine Grove, Amador Co., Cal.; John Andrews, of Pine Grove, Amador Co., Cal.; A. Chichizola, of Amador City, Amador Co., Cal.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 5th day of July, 1904.

JOHN F. ARMSTRONG,
Register.

BANK OF AMADOR COUNTY

Incorporated November, 1895
Capital Stock : : : \$50,000

President.....Alfonso Glinocchio
Vice-President.....S. G. Spagnoli
Secretary and Cashier.....Frederick Eudey

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:
Alfonso Glinocchio, S. G. Spagnoli, John Strohm,
Frederick Eudey and Alex Eudey of Jackson.

SAFE DEPOSIT.—Safe deposit boxes can be rented from the Bank of Amador County at the rate of 50 cents a month, and money sent to all parts of the United States and also all parts of the world. Don't bury your money on foreign exchange.

SAVE MONEY.—Patronize a home institution. Send money away through the Bank of Amador County; you will save 10 per cent and upward over postage or express. Money sent to all parts of the United States and also all parts of the world. Don't bury your money on foreign exchange.

SAVE MONEY.—It doesn't cost anything to deposit money in the Bank of Amador County. They receive deposits, from 50 cents to \$100,000, and pay interest on them. A man or woman with a bank account has a financial standing. Don't bury your money when you die; it can't be found and you are liable to be robbed while alive.

J. GHIGLIERI & BRO.

Cosmopolitan Liquor Store

JACKSON GATE, CAL.

Dealers and Jobbers in foreign and domestic

WINES, LIQUORS & CIGARS

SELECTED stock of Imported Goods. Eastern California Wines, popular brands. Choice and Domestic Beers; special bottling.

Havana, Key West and New York Cigars.

Bourbon, Rye, Sweet and Sour Mash Whiskies of celebrated distilleries. ja8

VANDERPOOL

THE HARNESS MAKER

Plymouth, Cal.

Can Make or Repair your HARNESS in an up-to-date workmanlike manner.

He carries all kind of Harness and supplies in the line. Also, Buggies, Carriages & Carts

Carriage Trimming a specialty. ja8

FIRE INSURANCE

Insure your property in the

PHOENIX OF LONDON

One of the oldest and most reliable companies in the world. Established in 1782. It has paid many millions of dollars in policies.

Policies written in this standard company

ALSO IN

Providence Washington

OF CONNECTICUT

BY

Richard Webb.

Resident Agent, Jackson.

THE OPIUM CIGARETTE

[Original.]

"What's the meaning of this crowd?" I asked of a railroad official at the Charing Cross station, London.

"The Russian, sir."

"What Russian?"

"Don't know, sir. He's some big man in his country. These people are to see him off, sir. He's going home."

I stepped into the compartment where I had engaged a seat. There I found two elderly women with several children, all of one party. Beyond, by a window, sat a young woman whose appearance interested me at once.

Never have I seen such an expression on any human face. The only description I can give of it is that it reminded me of a picture I had once seen of an early Christian martyr who had nerved himself to be buried alive. But this gives only a vague idea of the woman's whole appearance. She was well dressed, and her features and bearing indicated one of the highest class. It was impossible for her to conceal a mental restlessness that showed itself especially in the eyes, which were constantly moving.

The train made but one stop between London and Portsmouth, where the party of women and children got out, leaving only me and the woman I have been trying to describe in the compartment.

"Thank heaven," she said to me in a contralto voice, "they are gone! I am sure you will not object to my smoking a cigarette in this compartment, though it is not a smoker."

"Certainly not, madam."

"You speak French?" she asked in English.

I assured her that I did, and after that we conversed in the French language. I took out some cigarettes and lighted one to keep her company, but she insisted on my smoking one of hers, which, she said, had been made expressly for her from a recipe furnished by a member of the suit of the sultan of Turkey. I threw mine away and took one of hers. I knew at once that it contained opium, but how much or what other drugs I did not know.

One thing I did know. I was rapidly passing into a delightful trance, which every whiff seemed to make still more delightful. I saw the woman watching me, and when she was satisfied that I was powerless she opened a hand bag beside her and took out something rolled in brown paper, opened it, took out a wedge shaped piece of wood and, seizing my chin, opened my mouth and gagged me.

This done, she took out a timetable, which she scanned, looked at her watch, cast a glance out of the window, then momentarily gave way to a terrible depression. I judged that she was obliged to wait for something, and on the eve of some move—one involving life and death, for instance—there is nothing like delay to break one down. I noticed that we were passing through a thickly settled district and that as soon as we had passed again into the country she nervously herself and prepared for something she was about to do.

Her first act was to disrobe. But instead of displaying the undergarments of a woman, she wore a man's suit or clothing. Her woman's attire was merely a covering, which she threw out of the window. Next she took a glass globe about two inches in diameter from her satchel, and the satchel followed the clothing. Then she—rather he, for by this time I had made up my mind that the person was a young man—cast a glance at me which seemed to satisfy him, took another look at his watch, peered out at the passing landscape and after casting up his eyes and muttering a prayer climbed out of the window and let himself down on the footboard.

Had I not been under the influence of opium I should have been profoundly moved by all this. As it was it seemed but a part of my dream, and the moment the singular being passed out of it he was forgotten. I remember being jarred by an explosion, but did not at the time connect it with the young man.

Whatever occurred was hushed up. When we reached Folkestone a gun was obliged to carry me on to the channel boat, and I did not come to myself again before we reached Boulogne. I did not get an opportunity to interview any of the passengers, and the whole affair was to me something of a mystery. Indeed I fancied I had dreamed it under the influence of an opium cigarette. If a bomb was really exploded with a view to killing the Russian official in another compartment, it failed. My theory, based on the view that there was a real occurrence, was that the assassin dropped the bomb before he was ready to explode it in or under the compartment occupied by the Russian.

Two years afterward I was in St. Petersburg standing in a crowd watching for the emperor to pass on his way to review some of his troops. Among the members of his staff I saw a face that astonished me. I never forget faces, and I certainly could never forget this one. It was the face of the young man who had dragged me on the train between Boulogne and Folkestone. Happening to glance down upon him, he caught my astonished glance, which doubtless helped him to recognize me. The cavalcade passed on, and I returned to my hotel.

That night I was trying vainly to sleep, for I was troubled about being recognized as a nihilist and been recognized by him in the czar's suit, when there was a knock on the door, and a man entered.

"There is a midnight train for the border," he said. "Get up and take it."

In an hour I was on the train with my visitor, who saw me into another country. GEORGE A. PARKER.

An Order For Diamonds

[Copyright, 1904, by C. B. Lewis.]

The house of Sloane, Saunders & Co., London, had received a letter from Sir James Blankton, living about a mile out of the village of Morpeth, asking them to send down a man with diamonds for marriage presents. It was added that his carriage would meet the man at the station at 6 o'clock in the evening. I was the one selected to go, and I reached Morpeth on time with \$5,000 worth of diamonds concealed about my person.

A carriage awaited me, but I had hardly taken a seat in it when I had queer feelings. The outfit was too common to be owned and publicly worn by such a man as Sir James Blankton, and the two men on the box did not appear at all like servants. I made bold to say:

"See here, men. I think there is a mistake. I think I have got Sir James Blankton mixed up with Sir James Dashiton. It is the latter who owns a large interest in a Manchester cotton factory, isn't it?"

"It may be, but I dunno," replied the man who was driving as he pulled up his horses.

"Well, you see, I wanted to show him some of these new dyes for cottons."

"Is that your line, sir?"

"Yes. I have ten new colors just out. I am sorry for the blunder, but I am willing."

"Then what the bloody blazes did you get into this turnout for?"

"To see Sir James Blankton, of course. I got it in my head."

"Oh, blow your head and your heels too! Jim, turn about and drive the bloomin' ass back to town!"

"I'll be shot if I do!" replied Jim.

"He can get right out 'ere and take 'isself back on his own legs and be blown to him!"

When I had walked the two miles and reached town, I went to a hotel. Inside of five minutes I had learned that Sir James Blankton lived in the opposite direction to that I had taken. Further, that the gentleman and his wife had been in Scotland for several weeks. It did not take me long to figure it out to my perfect satisfaction. It was a put up job to rob the London house through me, and it had been put up with the aid of some one at Sir James Blankton's house.

I started for London by the 9 o'clock train. The night had come on dark and stormy, and there were but few passengers from Morpeth. There were two plain women ticketed to Durham and a man about forty years old of pleasing address and genteel appearance. The four of us were ushered into the same compartment. As soon as we fell into conversation the man gave me to understand that he lived at Beverly, a town about fifty miles down the line, and from certain words let fall I gathered that he was a prominent public official of the place. I didn't exactly reply that I was in the dye line, but he probably inferred as much from what I said. I was glad of his company. He was well posted, a fair talker.

The women got out at Durham and left us alone. We passed Darlington and were still the sole occupants of the compartment. Mr. Arnold, as he had given his name, had been sitting opposite me for an hour. As the train cleared Darlington, however, he rose up and yawned and said:

"I am sleepy, and yet I can never get a wink of sleep on the train. By the way, I found a curious coin on the street at Morpeth today. Can you make anything of it?"

He had a coin in his fingers as he stepped over to me. I reached out a hand to receive it when he seized me by the throat with both hands and had me on my back in a second. I was no match for him in strength. He gripped my throat so suddenly and so fiercely that I was deprived of all powers of resistance. Bending over me, with his knee on my chest, he finally let up on his clutch and said:

"Don't be foolish now! I know you and am after those diamonds."

He drew a wicked looking knife and held it in his teeth, while he used some stout oath to tie my hands behind my back. Why didn't I resist? Simply because his clutch on my throat had almost paralyzed me. When he had taken the key of my Goldstone from one of my pockets he turned me over and said:

"Now for the sparklers. I know you shifted them to the bag when you were at the hotel. A deuced fine layout, and the cash value must be close to £10,000. It's a pretty haul indeed, and no risk attending it."

He placed the jewel case in his pocket, lit a cigar and pleasantly continued:

"Take it easy, my boy. The next stop is North Allerton, and I shall gag you and leave the train there. You'll be discovered at Leeds or sooner."

I was so mad and my throat hurt me so much that I made no attempt to reply. After a couple of minutes the train slackened speed, and in sixty seconds more it had come to a standstill.

"Special stop, is it?" growled the robber as he took a gag from his pocket and bent over me. "Well, here goes to keep you quiet while I get away."

Just then the guard opened the door to admit two passengers, and I began to yell at the top of my voice. The robber made a bolt for it, and he would have got off temporarily at least but for an accident. He caught his foot and fell heavily on the platform, and he could rise the guards had him secure. The job had been put up between him and the two men who drove me, assisted by a maid in Sir James Blankton's house, and I had the satisfaction of seeing the quartet sent to prison for long terms. M. QUAD.

A WILY LAWYER.

The Way He Made His Opponent Win

Case For Him

Lord Brampton, a famous English cross examiner, told a story of how he once won a case on a technical ground when he had no defense. He forced a magistrate's clerk to be put into the witness box by the prosecution to prove a purely formal matter. Now, having got him there, he cross examined him and made him practically admit that he "led his magistrates by the nose," to admit also that they had refused bail by his advice and that a judge at chambers had afterward granted it, although the witness had come up all the way from London to oppose it. Then, asked the cross examiner, "You were in the room, sir, and did you not hear the learned judge say there was not a rag of a case against my unhappy client?" The prosecuting counsel objected, and it was ruled out. But the jurors had heard it and had heard the answer stopped. The dissatisfaction thus added in their minds then they acquit the prisoner. Leaving the court that day, the prisoner's counsel asked his opponent, "Why did you object to that question?" The latter indignantly protested that his adversary when he asked it must have known that it could not be put. "Yes, I did," was the answer; "but I knew you, too, and felt sure that you would object at the right time. But you should have waited for the answer, as it would have been 'No!'"

An Oriental Sherlock Holmes.

A book on India tells of a native detective whose methods were anything but scrupulous. One important matter investigated was a robbery of about half a lakh of rupees' worth of silver ingots (about \$25,000) that was sent down on camels with an escort of fifteen armed men from Indore to Kotah. The escort was killed by Dacoits and the silver taken. Isri Pershad, the oriental Sherlock Holmes, rasseldar major of a native regiment, made it his business to bring these men to justice and when asked in after years how he obtained his proofs remarked, smilingly stroking his beard, that if a man was judiciously strung up, spread eagle wise, by his thumbs, much useful information might be extracted, and, having no marks of ill treatment to show to the sahibs, he generally held his tongue. Of a certain witness in this case he wrote that he had "given 'awfully good evidence' at the trial, but as there was 'just a little discrepancy' between this and his previous depositions before the political agent, when the original files were called for by the higher court, it would be better to omit this one and say it had been eaten by white ants."

The Main Question.

"And you have finally decided the momentous question?"

"Well, no—er—not exactly. We have decided to get married, but whether we'll board, keep house or live in a flat is still in the air."—Baltimore News.

Inconsistent.

Mrs. Smith—Mr. Smith, your rage makes you inconsistent. Mr. Smith—How so? Mrs. Smith—Why, because you are swearing on the prayer rug.

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